

THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE

Is published every Friday, at Salem, Columbian Co., Ohio, by the Executive Committee of the Western Anti-Slavery Society; and is the only paper in the Great West which advocates secession from pro-slavery governments and pro-slavery church organizations. It is edited by BENJ. S. and J. E. LIZABETH JONES; and while urging upon the people the duty of holding "No union with Slaveholders," either in Church or State, as the only consistent position an abolitionist can occupy, and as the best means for the destruction of slavery; it will, so far as its limits permit, give a history of the daily progress of the anti-slavery cause—exhibit the policy and practice of slaveholders, and by facts and arguments endeavor to increase the zeal and activity of every true lover of Freedom. In addition to its anti-slavery matter, it will contain general news, choice extracts, moral tales, &c. It is to be hoped that all the friends of the Western Anti-Slavery Society—all the advocates of the Disunion movement, will do what they can to aid in the support of the paper, by extending its circulation. You who live in the West should sustain the paper that is published in your midst. The Bugle is printed on an imperial sheet and is furnished to subscribers on the following

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Communications intended for insertion to be addressed to the Editors. All others to the Publishing Agent, JAMES BARNABY.

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From the Emancipator.

The Fugitive.

I wish to tell your readers an "over true tale," about a runaway slave—the facts in the case of which came under my personal observation.

I am a western woman, and lived once in the goodly city of Chicago, Illinois. We are the right kind of abolitionists there, and the anti-slavery folks have a good "underground railroad," over which they transport slaves, steering for the North, and help them, besides, to clothes and other articles which may be needed. Now, over this same railway, a slave chanced to travel, whose name was "Charley." He was a fine, athletic-looking creature, and his brow wore the stamp of the Divine image, notwithstanding it was black as ebony.

Well, Charley ran away because his nature was too noble to bear the indignities which unmerciful masters heap upon their brutes; and then the flame of Freedom would burn wildly in his breast, notwithstanding he was taught that chains and fetters and the lash belonged to the African. Then he had a wife, and three little ones, whom he loved dearly, and he longed to tread a shore where they might breathe an atmosphere unpolled by the sighs of heart-crushed slaves. So, Charley ran away, and thought to make observations of the road, over which the North star hangs, with its blaze of free and blessed light, and then return after his family. He reached our good city, (Chicago,) and we heard his tale of suffering, and his determined, heroic decision to return, after a while, for his family. He was sent on to Canada, and remained there six months, during which time, he had been laboring hard, to save a sum, to further projected plans which he had in contemplation. In the mean time, the master had offered a large sum to any one who would find Charley, and bring him back in safety. Many "bloodhounds," in the shape of men, were abroad, in search of the fugitive.

But they returned without the prize, (for Charley was one of the most valuable of slaves,) and all hope of his recovery was given up. But about six months after his escape, Charley wrote a letter to his owner, saying, Canada was a cold, barren place to run away, and that, if his master would forgive him, he would return and be dutiful and obedient. So the master wrote back, that he

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"NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS."

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WHOLE NO. 150.

would grant a full forgiveness, and even meet him at some place—so happy would he be to see him again.

Charley left Canada, and when he reached Chicago, he told his friends he was going back to slavery, but they would hear from him again—and then told something to Dr. —, a zealous advocate for the slave, but we were not let into the secret. We, however, saw the Doctor's face grow very significant in his expression; and an unusual sparkle in his eye, and a queer looking smile around his mouth, told us some things were in Charley's philosophy we knew nothing about. However, Charley seemed very much afraid to return, lest the lash should bruise his poor back too much, and another letter was written by his request to his master, stating his fears, and adding, "he knew he deserved it for running away." An answer was soon returned, assuring him he had nothing to fear, but that he should have more liberty than before; and, as he had tried the evil effects of freedom, he might visit the several plantations around, and tell the slaves how much better off they were than freemen, and what a humbug this abolitionism was. So Charley went back to the South, and in about three months after, who should land at our underground railroad depot, but Charley and a host of slaves he had brought with him. Of course we all wanted to know what all this meant, and Charley told us the following:

After he had been back to his slave home a few weeks, his master told him he might go around, and tell the slaves his miserable experience about liberty, &c. No Charley used to go every night to the huts of the negroes, and tell them how *delightful* a thing Freedom was, how they might make their escape, the direction of the road, and the several places on the way where they would find friends to bid them God speed, and, in fact, all that was necessary for them to know.—Far and near, the slaves around Charley's home were nursing, away down in their silent hearts, wild dreams of liberty. While he labored, they forgot their toil and sweat, for they had taken to themselves a hope that told them the letter was soon to be broken and the galling chain unclasped. Then, at night, ere they went to their slumbers, they prayed, under the light of the North star.—As the Musselman turns to Mecca when he breathes his orisons; and as the Jews turn their faces toward Jerusalem when they bow before the Holy, so did those slaves look to the North star, when they asked Heaven to give them freedom.

Charley's wife had been sold during his absence, and with her children, was several hundred miles farther south. He could not obtain them this time, so, one night, Charley and his crew were missing. His master, and the masters of the other fugitives, were exasperated at such unheard of conduct, and an enormous sum was set as the price of Charley's head. Forth went the bloodhounds again. Gold should be theirs, if they returned with the freedom-loving slave. Then he should be lashed and burned, and finally hung—thus teaching slaves what they might expect under like circumstances. But Charley and his companions of his eluded all pursuit. During the day, they lay, or stood up to their chins, in mud and water, which was plenty, owing to an abundance of swamps, or else hid themselves in hollow trees, or any other way they best could. Sometimes they suffered cruelly from the cravings of hunger—then an unquenchable thirst seemed almost unbearable. But liberty was before them, and they suffered and endured. They reached at last our city—Charley and his six followers. Others started from bondage with them, but were probably carried back, as they were never heard from—and they often lost each other in their wanderings, being obliged to travel separately, to escape the more surely. After resting at Chicago awhile, they were sent on to Canada, where they all safely arrived. But Charley, nothing daunted, determined to rescue his wife and children, or die in the attempt. It was long, ere he dared to venture forth on this heroic expedition, for spies were on the watch to catch him, and he knew, if caught, what a fearful trial awaited him. But the husband and father yearned to see his loved ones again.—Freedom seemed to torture him when he thought of the chains around his heart's treasure. So, forth he went again. He was once more among us, and told his tale of wretchedness, and his sublime and martyr-like resolves. Said he, I must rescue them, or die in the attempt—and husband and father crowded round him, and wrung his hand once more, as they bade him farewell, and saw him go, as they thought to the sacrifice. And he did go to a fearful sacrifice—I tell the tale as it was told to me:—

Some time after his last departure from our home, we saw him; and—more! He was with us once again, but oh, so changed!—Hope had folded her wing, and he refused to be comforted. The lustre of his eye was gone, and we wondered not. After the severest sufferings, he reached the place where his wife and children were. He hovered about three days, before he could make himself known. At length, one night, he stole, unperceived, to his wife's hut, and knocked upon the window. She, in alarm, asked who was there. He revealed himself; and I will not attempt to tell the joy, the sad joy, which those long separated ones knew. He told her he had come to rescue her and his children, and to be ready for flight any night which would be most convenient. They escaped, and they two suffered, but they endured.—They had not travelled far, before they were pursued; but they hid themselves during the day, and at night started forth again. At length they came to a large swamp, full of water, and there was no way then, that they could travel further. Behind, they heard the tramp of horsemen, but the road could not screen them—on either side was the swamp. The husband and wife looked at each other for a moment, in despair—and then the wife said, leave us, Charley, but save yourself; if you are caught, your life must be forfeited; if you cannot escape now with us; if you try,

we are all lost, save yourself, and let us go. But the husband and father gazed around him, and felt he could not give them up. He looked abroad for help, but there was none. The horsemen appeared in sight—escape was impossible! Then the wife knelt, and prayed him to save himself—she would go back to bondage, happy to know that he was safe. They knelt them down in a thicket of bushes, and he prayed a last prayer over his loved ones. Their pursuers came up—he hissed and clasped his wife and children, and then plunged into the swamp, beyond the reach of his pursuers. They carried back his wife and children—and he heard the crack of the whip, as it fell upon the back of his wife; but she uttered no word of agony. And so he travelled on his way again broken-hearted, yet with a determination to try again, and, lo! he says, *he is in his own right, and he longs for the severing of his fetters.* He is now in Canada, awaiting the time when he may go forth again for his treasures. May that time soon come, when the broken heart shall be healed, and the chained mother be free, and the children roam beneath a sky which looks upon no bondage, and smiles upon no enslaved.

MARIA.

From the Pa. Freeman.

A Sketch of a portion of the last day's proceedings of the Whig Convention.

As a specimen of the quality of the Whig Convention, and for the purpose of letting our readers see how the few free spirits who occupied seats as delegates were treated when they undertook to vindicate their own independence, we give a sketch of a portion of the last day's proceedings.

When Zachary Taylor was announced by the chair to be the nominee of the Convention for the Presidency, and when the northern dough-faces were scrambling for the floor, to propitiate the heir apparent by giving in their prompt adhesion, stating, as most of them did, how strongly they had opposed the nomination of General Taylor, but how ready they now were to sacrifice on the altar of their country, their individual preferences, pledging themselves at the same time, to do all in their power to promote the election of the nominee—Ex-Governor Vance, after a speech of like tenor with the rest, moved that the nomination of Zachary Taylor and Millard Fillmore, for the Presidency and Vice Presidency of the United States, be unanimously confirmed. On this motion, Mr. Chas. Allen, of Mass., obtained the floor.

Mr. Allen said he could never approve the action of that convention, (cries of "order," "order," "sit down.") "I express what I believe to be the voice of the Whigs of my State—I cannot consent that the vote shall be considered unanimous. We have now a man nominated who will continue the rule of slavery for another four years. The rights of the Free States are trampled upon in this Whig Convention. (Cheers and hisses.) "Of the many distinguished citizens of the free states, there was not one considered worth receiving a single vote north of Mason and Dixon's line. The nomination of a Whig from the South is a virtual surrender to the latter of the powers of the Government, and, on behalf of the Whigs of the free States, I say that the Whig party of the United States is here and henceforth dissolved." (Tremendous hisses and confusion.)

"We've struggled to preserve it as long as we could do it with honor. By the blessing of God the dissolution may result to the advantage of the country—it is time that we should separate. We spurn the nominee of the Convention, and I tell you that Massachusetts will spurn the bribe that is attempted to be offered her, (alluding to the proposed nomination of Abbott Lawrence for Vice President.)" (Cheers and hisses and great excitement among the southern men, several of whom got up to reply, but were dissuaded by their friends. Let the North answer him, as the cry. Let Massachusetts answer him. Chase, Chase, Chase, was heard on all sides, particularly from northern members.) Mr. Chase however made no reply. (Perhaps he was not at the time in the Convention.)

Mr. Campbell of Ohio, said he had a resolution to offer for the purpose of ascertaining whether it was possible that the persons composing the Convention could go away with a determination to support the nominee as the President for the Whig party.

"Resolved, That the Whig party, by their representatives here assembled, pledges itself to abide by the nomination just made, of General Zachary Taylor, if he shall agree and pledge himself that he will accept the nomination as the candidate of the Whig party, bound to adhere to its great principles—no extension of slavery over territory now free, and the protection of American industry."

"Cries, 'No, no,'—withdraw it,"—and great opposition was here manifested.

The President—I must decide the motion out of order. The order of the day is the nomination of the Vice-President.

The Speaker—Am I to be gagged? A Delegate—I move that the order of business be suspended to let the gentleman proceed with his remarks.

The motion was not carried.

Mr. Johnson of Pa.—I've one question to ask—

The President—The gentleman is out of order.

Mr. Galloway, of Ohio—I claim a right to be heard.

The President—It is out of order on the question of the nomination of Vice-President.

Mr. Galloway—Is it out of order on the question of the nomination of Vice-President to give the reasons why we should not go in to a nomination?

The President—Yes.

Mr. Galloway—I appeal, and on the question on the appeal I claim a right to be heard. (Great confusion and motion to adjourn.)

Order being restored—Mr. Ashmun of Massachusetts, took occasion to say that his

colleague, Mr. Allen had not uttered the sentiments of the State which had sent him there, and intimated that the Whigs of Massachusetts would feel themselves bound to support the nomination.

Hereupon Mr. Wilson of the same State claimed to be heard. "I for one," said he, "will not be bound by the proceedings of this convention—(cries of "get out of here then")—order—sit down—hear him—let him make a loco-foco speech—no, no, no—let him go."

The President—Is it the pleasure of the house that the gentleman shall proceed? (no, no, no—yes, yes, let him go on.) The President—The gentleman from Massachusetts will please to take his seat till we ascertain whether the house will allow him to proceed.

Mr. Wilson—I move that the gentleman be granted leave to withdraw.

The President—The gentleman's motion is out of order.

Mr. Ashmun—I maintain that my colleague has a right to be heard. (Cries of no, no, no, without he abides by the proceedings of the Convention.)

Mr. Stanley of N. C.—I really hope the gentleman will be allowed to go on. His sentiments will hurt no body but himself, and I hope they will not hurt him.

The house decided that Mr. Wilson might proceed.

Mr. Wilson—"I came to this Convention as a Whig, committed unreservedly to the principles of the Whig party and its organization, and, sir, I am willing to be bound by the proceedings of this body, provided we act as Whigs. But, Sir, we have come here and nominated a man—(order, order, I call the gentleman to order, no, no, hear him, let him alone, hear him, order, order, go on, go on, I call the gentleman to order.) Is it out of order to say that we have nominated a candidate for the Presidency? (Laughter.) We have nominated a gentleman, Sir, for President of the United States, who has stated over and over again, to the whole country, that he will be bound by the principles of any party, and that he will accept the nomination of the Whig party or the Democratic party, or any party in any portion of the country, who will nominate him. Sir, he has said"—(order, Mr. President I call the gentleman to order.)

Here ensued a scene of the greatest confusion. When order was sufficiently restored, Mr. Wilson proceeded: "Now, sir, I have never yet scratched a whig ticket since I came of age, and all I asked of this convention was the nomination of a whig who is unreservedly committed to the principles of the whig party. But the convention have seen fit to nominate a man who is any thing but a whig, and, sir, I will go home, and so help me God, I will do all I can to defeat his election." (Hisses, cheers and yells.)

Mr. Wilson continued to speak, but such was the tumult that it was impossible to distinguish a word he said. He was fairly elated down.

At this stage of the proceedings it was that George P. Lunt, of Massachusetts, gave to the Convention the assurance that his State would be true to the nomination, and would sustain it at the polls. He indignantly denied the allegations made by two of his colleagues that the action of that body would be received with disapprobation by the people of Massachusetts.

Mr. Galloway, Secretary of State of Ohio, here succeeded in obtaining the floor. His speech is thus reported:—

Mr. President, I am exceedingly gratified, after so many unsuccessful attempts to address the Convention, I am now recognized by the President as being in order. It is well and wise, for the gentlemen of the Convention, to allow a full and free expression of opinion. The deed which has just been consummated has struck us with sudden and sore surprise; and, if I mistake not, the devotion which characterizes many of my fellow citizens, the intelligence of your recent action, will send a thrill of disappointment into many hearts.

Mr. President, I am a Whig and an ultra Whig. [Cheering.] The principles of the Whig party are by me warmly cherished.—I have never cast any vote which did not fully vindicate my position as to the politics of the country. Although a resident of the west, I profess to have views and feelings which comprehend the interests of a common country—and to be free from narrow and unreasonable prejudices. (Cheers.) As I had my nativity in this, the free soil of Pennsylvania—it is not strange that I should have other views and feelings than those possessed by many in this Convention, born and reared in a sunnier clime.

Mr. President, I purpose speaking plainly but courteously, and although my views may not meet a response in the bosoms of many in this Convention, yet they shall be couched in language befitting the place and the occasion. I will not now say that I repudiate the nominee of the Convention. What action may yet be taken on matters which I deem vital to the interests of my constituents and my country I cannot tell; but I reassure you that my position will be defined and framed by the deliberations and decisions of this Convention upon a principle deemed prominent and fundamental among the free spirits of the North and West. I have strong faith in the wisdom and integrity of the true-hearted constituents whom I have the honor to represent. I desire to see them, and to report what has been done by this Convention, before I designate my career of political action. I long to hear their counsels, their deliberations. I know that there exists with them and others, strong and rational aspirations of the Whiggery of your nominee.—Letters of the nominee, recognized as genuine, have been published and circulated, in which he disclaims being adopted as the nominee of any party—and on which he refuses to adopt party principles and pledges.—How far these declarations agree with or differ from those sentiments contained in the communication from the Louisiana delegation will be seen in after days. Let me say to you, Mr. President, and to this Conven-

tion, that the Whigs of Ohio will not embrace the cause of any man as their standard-bearer who is not fully indoctrinated with the creed of the party—who is not adorned with the glory of an untainted political reputation, who is not pledged to the accomplishment of its wise and patriotic measures—and who cannot be recognized as worthy to carry a flag brilliantly and intelligently inscribed with old-fashioned, but ever dear Whig principles. (Enthusiastic applause.) To the Convention which honored me with a seat in this body, I asserted that in choosing a candidate for the Presidency, opposition to the aggressions of the slave power, and to the acquisition of territory which might be visited with that peculiar institution, would constitute the prominent basis of my action. I am the advocate of free soil and free territory. I cannot be swayed from the position I occupy on this subject by any party machinery or alliances. With my constituency upon this subject there exist deep and sacred feelings. Upon this they think and act with strong resolves.—This platform they cannot and will not abandon.—If a candidate is orthodox upon this fundamental principle, they will hail him and receive him; if he is not, he will be hailed by us as "base coin to the counter." Gentlemen of the Convention, take care that in your action you do not run athwart principles embodied in the declaration of Independence and in the hallowed charter of freemen's rights. [Cheers.] I cannot, Mr. President, on this occasion, on this subject, and in my present position, better describe my future action and those associated with me, than by uttering the sentiment of one of the poets of New England:—

Is this the land our fathers loved?
The freedom which they sought to win?
Is this the soil on which they moved?
Are these the groves they slumber in?
Are we sons by whom are borne
The mantles which the dead have worn?
And shall we crouch above those graves,
With craven soul and fettered lip,
Yoked in with marked and branded slaves,
And tremble at the master's whip?
No, by their enlarging souls which burst
The bonds and fetters round them set—
By the free pilgrim spirit nursed
Within our inmost bosoms yet—
By all above, around, below—
Be ours the indignant answer, "NO."

(Great and long continued applause.)

Mr. Campbell, of the same State, was one of the few who refused to give in his adhesion. He thus spoke:—

Mr. President—I address you and this Convention under circumstances peculiarly embarrassing. The loud and long hurrahs which have been sent forth from the thousands who crowd the galleries, upon hearing the remarks of my venerable colleague, as well as the course which has been pursued towards the Ohio delegation by the majority on this floor, forewarn me that what I shall say will fail to touch the same sympathetic cord. I care not. I ask no shouts, but regardless of consequences, I will discharge faithfully the high and solemn duty which devolves upon me as the representative of six thousand true and well tried Whigs in the valley of the Miami. My venerable colleague has referred to his long service in the Whig cause, and calls upon the ardent young Whigs of Ohio, occupying seats in this Convention, to ratify its nomination of a candidate for the Presidency. I flatter myself that I am one of them to whom he appeals. Sir, I recognize in him one of the fathers of the Whig party. I am proud to acknowledge, that from him and others of the Old Whig Guard, I learned in my early youth, lessons in the political affairs of the country. I now assert that one of the first principles which he assisted to engrave upon my young mind was that personal preferences as to men might be yielded for the sake of harmonious action; but that correct principle should never be abandoned. If my position is wrong, let my colleague avow it. I call upon that member of this Convention who believe it right, under any circumstances, to trample under foot, principles which are believed to be correct, to proclaim it from his seat.

Mr. President, what is it you now ask of Ohio? It is, sir, that the Whig party of that great, glorious, young State should, through its delegates on this floor, rise up and solemnly approve of the nomination of Zachary Taylor. Sir, I scorn a hypocrite. I dissent from my innermost soul that man, who, on an occasion like this, with the solemn duties resting upon him which I must discharge, practices fraud and deceit for any purpose.—I cannot—I will not do it. (Cheers.) The gentleman of the South who have controlled this Convention from its commencement, shall learn that there are those in Ohio who dare be frank, and who will speak to them in language not to be misunderstood.

I am now asked to proclaim the approbation of the Whigs of the 24 Congressional District of Ohio, to the nomination you have just made. Personally I cannot approve of it, and to do so in my representative capacity, would be a direct and palpable violation of the solemnly expressed views of my constituents. In Ohio we are Whigs, not because Clay is a Whig—not because Scott is a Whig—but because we believe the prosperity and true glory of our country, and the perpetuity of our Republican Institutions depend upon the triumph of the great principles and measures which that party, since my first knowledge of its existence, has espoused. To me, the sacrifice of Clay, Scott, Corwin, Webster and a thousand other equally gallant and patriotic Whig men, would be but as a feather in the scale compared to the abandonment of Whig principles! (Enthusiastic cheering.)

Mr. President: Every member of this convention will long remember the exciting scene which on yesterday ensued after the introduction (whilst in private session) by myself of a proposition which, in the purer and better days of the Whig party, would have been considered perfectly proper and entirely harmless. It will be recollected too, that, on behalf of Ohio, that State which heads

the great Whig column of the Union—that State which under the lead of old Tippecanoe (God bless his memory) and the gallant Henry Clay, glorious and triumphantly reared aloft the proud banner on which were inscribed Whig principles—I appealed to, and implored our Southern brethren to give us some candidate, who would willingly raise that standard from the dust, into which they had suffered it to be trampled, and lead us on to victory! I beseeched them to give us a Whig candidate—a man who would accept the honorable post of standard bearer—and who would conduct his administration upon the great principles of the Whig party. I prayed you as brothers having a common interest with us, to present your candidate upon such a platform as would give to the giant State of the West an opportunity of marching with you shoulder to shoulder in the great struggle against a common foe. Sir, my proposition was rejected with scorn, my State and my constituency were treated with disdain, and I was myself treated by certain gentlemen more like a loco-foco than a delegate representing as many true and tried Whigs, as are to be found in many of their entire States. You pressed to the nomination of Zachary Taylor, who had proclaimed to the world that he would not accept our nomination or be the exponent of our party doctrines. Sir, in this rash and precipitate movement, you have sowed the wind, and, and, in November next you will reap the whirlwind!—(Cheers.) For myself, I cannot vote for the ratification of this nomination now. Your candidate must first hang his banner upon the outer wall, that all my examine its folds, and see that it is the same which the bold and gallant Harry of the West displayed, and that the old-fashioned Whig principles are inscribed upon it. For my constituents I cannot approve it in the dark.

[A voice in the Convention—"General Taylor has proclaimed himself a Whig." Mr. Campbell—"True, sir, and so did John Tyler." A voice—"Don't name him."—Mr. Campbell—"I know it is wrong to speak disrespectfully of the dead, and I fear if you have control of the Whig party much longer it will be wrong to name it for the same reason." I cannot, I will not go it blind.—When the nominee defines his position my constituents can decide for themselves; but, Mr. President, I can assure you they will never sacrifice the principles they hold sacred, and under whose benign influence Ohio is indebted for so much of her prosperity, and under the practical results of which the "wilderness has been made to bloom and blossom as the rose."]

Sir, Ohio has been borne down in this Convention by the South, and a deaf ear turned upon her entreaties. I warned my brethren here from all quarters, of the consequences which must follow. Yes, sir, you have crushed her to the dust; but I tell the South who have perpetrated the deed, that, like truth crushed to earth, she'll rise again. Aye, sir, that great moral principle which has fastened itself so firmly in the hearts of our free Whigs of Ohio, so eloquently alluded to by my colleague, Mr. Galloway, will arouse to action in all the majesty of her strength the young giant of the West.

We should like to give a few specimens of the speeches on the other side, but our want of room forbids.

We ought to add, that Gov. Vance's motion for a unanimous confirmation of the nomination had to be withdrawn; it would not go down.

Oh! on!—"The State of Ohio grows! grows!" The progress is wonderful—nothing like it can be found where slavery has a foothold.

Nor does a full population stop her growth. From 1820 to 1840 she grew as fast as from 1820 to 1830. The old rule was set aside. There was no diminution as population increased. This is the ratio set down:

From 1820 to 1830 60 per cent.
" 1830 to 1840 62 " "

But let us look a little further. The growth of cities depends on the increase of population around them. Now look at the results, as regards the cities of Ohio, as given by competent authorities:

	1840.	1848.
Cincinnati and Suburbs,	50,000	90,000
Cleveland,	6,000	12,000
Columbus,	5,000	12,000
Dayton,	6,000	13,000
Pomery,	300	2,000
	68,300	130,000

Ninety per cent. increase in these five cities in eight years!

This is all in sight of Kentucky. Does she not see it? Does she not know the cause of it? And will she consent, for the support of Slavery, to sacrifice all hope of a similar vitality, and as sure a growth?

Let us hope not.—Louisville Examiner.

Mexican Negotiation.—The Washington correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune, says: "The seal of secrecy has been taken off the proceedings of the Senate, on the subject of the treaty with Mexico. We may now have the whole subject published. Among the letters written by Mr. Triest to Mr. Buchanan, concerning his agency in making the treaty, there is one in which occurs this remarkable passage:

"Among the points which came under discussion was the exclusion of Slavery from all territory which should pass from Mexico. In the course of their remarks on the subject, I was told that if it were proposed to the people of the United States to part with a portion of their territory in order that the Institution should be therein established, the proposal could not excite stronger feeling of abhorrence than those awakened in Mexico by the prospect of the introduction of Slavery in any territory parted with by her."

The date of this letter is Sept. 4, 1847. It shows how much stronger the feeling for liberty is, even among this semi-savage people, than among ourselves.

"THE DARKEST HOUR IS JUST BEFORE DAWN."—The dark clouds of Slavery have loomed up from the Baltimore and Philadelphia Conventions, and are over-spreading the land with gloom. Many who have looked to the Whig and Democratic parties to save the ark of Liberty, are struck with despondency—with fear and trembling. Let us not despair. It is a part of the work of human redemption to break the bonds of slavery and let the oppressed go free. Fear not. Out of Nazareth will come forth some despised Nazarene who will prove to be the Saviour of the slave. Let us put faith in the great principles of Liberty, and in Divine truth, and we shall triumph. We have never seen the

day when we have thought the promise of the slave's speedy redemption and our own deliverance from the slave power, so cheering as at this hour. Stand firm, and see the salvation that will be wrought for us. The country has long groaned beneath the thralldom of party chains. These chains will now be snapped asunder, and the array will be FREEDOM AGAINST SLAVERY. Who can doubt the result!—True Democrat.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Notes from the Lecturing Field.

I arrived at Pittsburgh on the evening of the 14th, where I met H. C. Wright, and on the following day C. C. Burleigh. Our first meeting was held on the evening of the 15th, which, considering the size of the place, the importance of the subject, and the character of the speakers, was small; while on the other hand, considering the number of churches, the power and corruption of the priesthood, the strength and subservency of political parties, and the money-loving propensities of the people, was respectable. If those churches, priests and parties only knew how much they had lost, by non-attendance upon that meeting, they would scarcely forgive themselves. It was the first time I had ever heard C. C. Burleigh, and the impression made upon my own mind was great. My mind fully assented to the high character every where bestowed upon him as a public speaker. His calm and dignified appearance, his soul-stirring eloquence, and overpowering arguments, made a deep impression upon the mind of the audience, calling forth repeatedly, the most earnest applause.

The meetings continued over the 16th, 17th and 18th, having three meetings on the latter. H. C. Wright was himself during the whole series. The way he brought the slaveholding religion and religionists, politics and politicians up to the mark, was by no means slow.

I have no doubt but the attempts to get up the presidential fever, kept very many away from our meetings. You are aware that no act occupies half the attention of this religious, freedom-loving nation, as president-making. During the time we were in the city, the "Honorable" Crittenden and Graves, made a visit and held a meeting to promote the election of the Florida-bond-candidate for the presidency; from the accounts given of the meeting by the papers, it was large. This meeting gave a good opportunity of judging of the character of the citizens of Pittsburgh. On the same day, at the same hour, the same papers announced two different meetings to be held; one in behalf of freedom, to rescue millions of American born citizens from a worse than Algerine despotism—to raise millions of free born men and women from the basest degradation, and to put them in possession of their manhood and womanhood; to be addressed by men of eloquence and power, whose hands were free from blood, and whose souls were baptized into the spirit of Love and Liberty. The other, in favor of tyranny, outrage and wrong, to do honor to, and promote the glory of a man whose life has been spent in the service of oppression and human slaughter, who today robs three hundred of God's sons and daughters of their daily toil, their rights of conscience, mental development of themselves—a man who has ruthlessly slaughtered thousands of his neighbors and despoiled them of their country and their homes; to be addressed by men who are not only tyrants themselves, but are the advocates of the right of man to property in man. One of whom, if there is such a thing as murder, is a murderer, a cold-hearted, calculating murderer, Graves, the murderer of Cilley. To which of these meetings did the mass of the people go? Where were the men who boast of democratic and republican institutions, found? Upon which side did the men who support a hundred churches and a hundred priests rally? Where were the men of prayer, of fasting, of sabbaths and sacraments found? At the Altar of Freedom? Lending a helping hand for the deliverance of their race? cheering the hearts, and upholding the hands of the self-sacrificing advocates of human brotherhood? No. They were found doing homage at the shrine of adulation and incest, of slavery and murder, lifting high their voices in favor of horrid headed oppression and sanctified slaughter. Out upon such democracy, whiggery, christianity, or by whatever name it is known.

There were a few men and women who preferred right to wrong, freedom to slavery, goodness to diabolism, and these few shall be, says, are honored of God, and will yet "work out" the world's salvation.

During the meeting many questions were asked and answered. On one evening, one "divine" brother rose to warn us of our danger, and urge us to repentance. He had a more than ordinary share of the "tone," with a good deal of gesticulation, which caused a good deal of merriment among the audience. Poor man! would to God they knew better, and if they knew better, that they would be honest.

Near ten o'clock on Sunday night, several of our Liberty party friends came to the rescue, but alas! it was too late. A good deal of air was created for about an hour, some half dozen wanting to speak at the same time. I wish they had commenced earlier, but that is not Liberty party policy. These brethren are sincere perhaps, but their sincer-

ity does not save them from much ineffectuality. I hope good was effected, but these large cities are but poor soil for truth and virtue to take root and grow in. In "the good time coming" we shall not be troubled by them. Pittsburgh is emphatically a religious city, filled with temples and altars, and priests, but fearfully destitute of Humanity, Goodness and Love. But still it has its Benj. and Sarah Bowns, &c.

On the morning of the 19th, C. C. Burleigh and I started by land for New Brighton, a distance of 28 miles, to commence meeting at two o'clock. H. C. Wright and S. Brooks intending to go down the river. The day was excessively hot, so hot that our horse became so heated that we had to stop ten miles from our destination. Charles, however, went on on foot, and I got down at night. The meetings at Brighton were held in the M. E. Church. This is a mark of progression. It was the first time it was ever opened to Anti-Slavery. The meetings were well attended and the people seemed to give heed to the things which were spoken. I presume from the appearance of things at this place, that there is a good deal of anti-slavery of one type or other. But even here the reverence for sectarianism rises higher than reverence for humanity. I was glad to make the personal acquaintance of Milo Townsend and others; he is indeed a noble spirit. I would the world were full of such spirits.—And such it will be some day.

"We may not live to see the day,
But earth shall glisten in the ray."

It seems to me, however, that so far as we have gone, but little can be done to increase the circulation of our papers. There are so many, all claiming support, and nearly all taken by many of our friends, that there is but little room for increase in this quarter.

Yesterday Charles and myself came to this place by land, Henry and Samuel by canal. We have only one day's meeting appointed here, but have resolved to remain on Friday, having no appointment for that day.

Our meetings have been well attended, indeed, the Methodist church was filled. A more intelligent and earnest looking audience we seldom see, than those we have had at this place. If they do not know the right way it seems to me it cannot be for want of attention.

Every where through the land are found whole, God-like, Freedom-loving spirits, who are beginning to realize the true life in their own souls, and to labor right earnestly for the redemption of their kind, and their labors will not, cannot be in vain. God speed them on. The world cannot perish while such spirits live. No, No. We shall be free.—Earth will yet be glad, and clap her hands with joy.

W.

Portage County Convention.

Signs in the Political Horizon.—Division of the Whig Party.—General Taylor cast overboard.

As soon as the result of the national convention at Philadelphia became known, a call was issued to the citizens of Portage county, irrespective of party, to meet in convention at Ravenna, on Friday, June 16th, to consult on the measures to be adopted and pursued in the present crisis. The people assembled accordingly, and after the usual formalities of appointing a president, vice presidents, &c. Mr. Tilden, the delegate to the national convention, was called upon, and addressed the meeting for an hour or more, on the growing influence of the slave power, the doings of the national convention, and the present position of the Whig and Democratic parties. He remarked that he was glad to meet the people of old Portage at this crisis, for he had felt that the spirit of liberty was dead, and we were in fact enslaved.—There now existed a state of things that no free and independent man should submit to. The Whig party, to which they had so long been attached, had finally given its allegiance and yielded subserviently to the demands of the slave power. He would give a history of the Philadelphia Convention. He went to that convention, supposing that his voice was to be heard, and to have some influence in its proceedings, that his wishes were to be consulted and regarded, as he was the representative of ninety thousand people. He went to Philadelphia by the way of Washington, and he had not been in that city fifteen minutes before he was satisfied that he might as well have staid at home, or been locked up in that jail, (pointing to the jail adjoining) and so might every other Whig north of Mason and Dixon's line. It was ascertained that some seven northern Whigs were, and had been for some months, in alliance with the South, writing and receiving letters, and pledging themselves to use all their influence to bring over a sufficient portion of the North to secure the nomination of General Taylor, and in this they succeeded. Among these traitors to northern rights was Truman Smith, of Connecticut, Gov. Kent, of Maine, Abbot Lawrence, the great cotton aristocrat, of Boston, and Thurlow Weed, of the "Albany Evening Journal." The convention was completely under the influence and control of the slave power. He introduced a resolution to the effect that the convention would sustain the principles embodied in the Wilmot Proviso, but it was immediately laid upon the table. And why was it that Gen. Taylor was nominated by the convention? Was it because the Whig

party wanted a military chieftain for its candidate? No. If so, why did they not take Gen. Scott, who was a Whig, whose military talents were well known and appreciated by the whole country, a man who wore the scars received in the last war with Great Britain, that great and glorious struggle for "free trade and sailors' rights."

It was not on account of his military talents that Gen. Taylor was nominated by the Whig party, for it was well known that he had none; that his battles were a sort of *melée*, and all that the old fellow did was to sit on his "H" "white horse," exclaiming, "shoot 'em!"—"give 'em hell, God damn 'em!" It was because he was a slaveholder, and would do the behests of slavery—it was because the slave power controlled the convention that he was nominated.

As for Lewis Cass, born and educated as he was in New Hampshire, whose soil was free from the taint of slavery, whose pure mountain air was sufficient to inspire the soul with the great and noble principles of liberty, his base subservency to the slave power, his hypocrisy and cowardly desertion of the Wilmot Proviso, which he once pledged himself to sustain, should place him infinitely below Gen. Taylor in the estimation of the people.

Respecting the Whig candidate for Governor, he knew not his views, but he would say that if Gen. Ford went for Zachary Taylor, he could not get his vote; and as for John B. Weller, "the gallant soldier of Monterey," "the chivalrous Col. Weller," it was well known that he was a complete *fool*—that during the battle of Monterey this "gallant Colonel Weller," was found behind a wall drunk. The thunder of the guns at length awoke him, and he was seen rubbing his eyes by some soldiers who led him away to a place of safety—the brave fellow!

He considered that all the *old issues* should be abandoned and laid aside in the present crisis. Bank, Tariff, Distribution, and Sub-treasury had become obsolete ideas. The country was so much in debt, that, let either party be in power, it must lay a tariff for revenue that would be sufficient for protection. All efforts, therefore, should now be directed to stay the rapid and fearful strides of the slave power. He considered that by nominating Gen. Taylor, the Whig party had laid its neck upon the block and cut off its own head; and he would say, that if the Whig party went for Zachary Taylor, he bid the party good bye.

The above is a brief outline of Mr. Tilden's speech. Several persons replied.—One old gentleman, Col. somebody, I believe, said he had always been a Whig—he loved the Whig party and the Whig principles.—He thought it would be bad policy to divide the Whig party, for union was strength; that it would be establishing a bad precedent to dissent from the nomination of the national convention: besides he thought there was a choice in the candidates—that Taylor was much more acceptable than Cass. One man desired to know if this movement was going to extend any farther than Portage county.—He doubtless reasoned after the "manner of men" and politicians.

Mr. Cyrus Prentiss, who may, perhaps, be considered as the embodiment of Whiggery and Methodism for Portage county, rose and related somewhat of his Whig experience. He thanked God that he was not as other men, even those poor publicans the Loco Focos. He gloed in being a Whig "of the stock of Israel, of the tribe of Benjamin," as touching the righteousness which is in the Whig party, blameless. He must differ with his brother Tilden. He thought the *old issues* ought not to be abandoned.—The Sub Treasury question he deemed very important; the slavery question might be considered by and by when the people were prepared for it. By refusing to acquiesce in the nomination of Gen. Taylor, the Whig party would be divided, and very likely defeated; besides it would have a very bad effect upon the county and State organizations. He thought that the Whig party of the north generally would support Gen. Taylor, as the great majority of the papers had already hoisted the Taylor flag. He would sooner vote for Zachary Taylor than for John P. Hale, or any other Loco Foco.

The sentiments of these last speakers were responded to by many in the audience, who exclaimed at different times "that's it,"—"stick to the party,"—"don't give up the party." But the great majority seemed anxious that "old Zach," Jonah-like, should be cast overboard. Although Mr. Tilden had declared that the nomination of Gen. Taylor had sliced off the head of the Whig party, still the *pro-slavery tail* gave very evident symptoms of life, and bade fair at least to "live till sunset."

H. Grove of Mogadore, thought he should be compelled to go for "old Zach." He thought that the Whig measures and the Whig policy ought not to be abandoned—that they had a great enemy to contend against and that enemy was *Leo Fucinus*, and he would fight it till he died. He let off quite a quantity of Whig gas, declaring that, sooner than have the Polk dynasty continued, he would vote for Zachary Taylor were he the Devil himself. We had consented to go in convention with the slaveholders, to play the game with them, and now, when we were beaten, should we *whine and bark out*? He would sooner turn Abby Kellyrite, and say openly "no union with scoundrels."

This is the man who discussed with Stephen S. Foster at Mogadore last fall, contending that the Constitution was anti-slavery. I suppose he now goes for "old Zach," to carry out its anti-slavery provisions. I consider him a pretty fair specimen of the consistency and integrity of lawyers and politicians in general.

Quite a number of resolutions were passed, one declaring that they would use all "constitutional efforts" to remove slavery and prevent its extension. They reminded me of a man chained to the floor of his cell who should prudently resolve to go the length of his chain, in his efforts to escape.

Ten delegates were appointed to attend the "People's Convention" at Columbus, with instructions to call a northern or national convention for the purpose of nominating candidates for President and Vice President.

Although there was considerable anti-slavery feeling manifested in the convention, still it wore a decidedly Whiggish aspect, and seemed to be of doubtful origin and certainly of doubtful pedigree. Anti-Slavery appeared to be welcomed, not so much for its own intrinsic virtue and excellence, as for the Whig garment in which it was made to display itself. Of one thing I am clearly satisfied, and that is, had Henry Clay or Gen. Scott been nominated by the Philadelphia Convention, there would have been no movement akin to the present one. I rejoice greatly at the nomination of Taylor. Had there been a hard-hearted Pharaoh to rule over Egypt, the descendants of Jacob might have toiled on in their bondage.

Though these movements in the camp of the politicians can at present only be regarded as *suraws*, indicating the way the wind is blowing, still they are encouraging signs of the times, and plainly show the onward progress of the great cause of emancipation.

J. F. S.

Abolitionists.

I wish to say a word or two to you on matters in which we are all concerned. We are all convinced that slavery is a damning crime, repugnant alike to God, Christianity and the feelings and instincts of our own very being. Our souls loathe the religion and the politics that enslave or lends its countenance to the enslavement of Humanity. We repudiate the man, no matter from where he comes, no matter by what sanctity sustained, who dares to lift the arm of his power to the crushing of our kind. All this is well, say, it is God-like, it is divine. But with all our feeling, and all our past labors, the bondman still groans, the bondwoman still shrieks in bitter agony. Your brother and mine still wets the soil with tears, and disturbs the harmony of heaven with agonies. Thousands of newborn spirits are branded with the chattel sign, and are commencing a life of bitterness and desolation. The slave power is strengthening its arm; with thundering voice it proclaims aloud its purpose. The heart of the stricken slave sickens and dies within him. The nation has met again in its Conventions and declared as with the voice of one man its allegiance to the slave power. It has sworn again that humanity shall receive no succor from its hands. That all its wisdom, strength and riches shall be employed in the laudation and glory of the bloodied-handed tyrant, and to the destruction and confusion of the tyrant's victim. While all this exists and all this preparation is going on, what is our duty? Shall we be inactive? Shall the bondman's soul die within him, while he gazes on the mighty power of his tormentors, and sees our apathy? No, God forbid. Let us be up and doing. The very efforts of the tyrant to strengthen his position, is proof of the effects produced by your former efforts.

What shall you do?
Everything is to be done, and done well.

AGITATION

must be kept up; this can be done, by a vigorous and manly use of the instrumentalities employed by our opponents. With them, every man looks upon himself as a committee especially appointed to labor with his neighbor, and in his own vicinity, to present the claims of his party, and to urge them upon the attention of all. His plan is efficient, it has often worked wonders, and shall not we use it? Shall we be dumb while woman wails? No, no, my brothers, on us depends the renovation of public sentiment. Let us talk with our neighbors in solemn earnestness, pressing home upon his heart the claims of the slave, and the truth of God.

The slaveites, when they wish to gain a point, ply well the press—they issue and circulate their papers without stint. Every village, almost, has its campaign paper, filled weekly with facts and arguments to suit their purpose.

They spare no effort, they scarcely look at expense. They have their point to gain, and they use means commensurate with the object they have in view. Shall the children of slavery continue wiser in their generation than the children of Freedom and Right?

Let us wipe out that disgrace; we can do it. Let a vigorous effort be put forth to extend the circulation of anti-slavery papers. I am sure in every neighborhood some could be got to take an Anti-Slavery paper for six months. Abolitionists, try it—try it now.—There is no time to lose, the nation is stricken; it reels to and fro like a drunken man. Let us pour upon it floods of well-directed influence, and the end will not be long.

The slave power knows well the influence

of mighty gatherings of the people. They know well the electric influence produced by the appeals of the living speaker; hence, everywhere meetings are called, the assemblies are addressed by the best speakers that can be obtained; a spirit of enthusiasm is awakened, and the tide of excitement rolls on till the national heart beats high with anxiety and expectation.

This must be done by us; the powerful eloquence of heart and voice, baptized by Freedom's God, must be heard in every town and village and school district, until the people are aroused from their deathly stupor, and brought to act as freemen should and freemen must.

Abolitionists, shall it be done? It is for you to say.

Will you do for the slave as you would wish the slave to do for you, were your conditions reversed?

Will you do half what you ask the slaveholder to do? Aye, what you demand he shall do. You demand that he give up thousands of dollars vested in the bones and muscles of the slave; that he reduce himself to poverty if necessary, in order to do right.—Will you not show him an example of self-sacrifice? If we withhold any power we possess, no matter what its character, that can be employed for the bondman's freedom, we doom him just so much longer to misery and chains.

W.

ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

SALEM, JUNE 30, 1848.

"I love agitation when there is cause for it—the alarm bell which startles the inhabitants of a city, saves them from being burned in their beds."—Edmund Burke.

Persons having business connected with the paper, will please call on James Barnaby, corner of Main and Chesnut sts.

Annual Meeting.

The 6th Annual Meeting of the WESTERN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY will be held at Salem, Columbiana Co., on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, the 16th, 17th, and 18th of August, commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M.

Let a full representation of the slaves' friends come up on this occasion from all parts of the Great West. The political leaders are marshalling their hosts for a conflict, their followers are rallying by hundreds of thousands to the support of their party banners. Time, and money, and labor are expended to secure their object. And shall the friends of Freedom, whose faith should be strong in the power of Truth, be lukewarm and indifferent while politicians are so earnest in their labors, so untiring in their zeal? The events of the past year should encourage us to renewed effort, for every movement of importance which has been made, having bearing upon the question of slavery, foreshadows the destruction of the system, and the oppressors feel that it is so. The political parties will make a desperate effort to save themselves from the destruction their corruption has brought upon them; and the efforts of the abolitionists to maintain and enforce the Right should be proportionally great.—Arrangements should be made at the coming meeting to continue the anti-slavery agitation by the lips of the living speaker, and to extend more widely the circulation of the Society's paper—the Anti-Slavery Bugle. Let none of the friends who can be there, absent themselves for any light cause, for the presence of all, and the counsel of all is desirable.

Besides the friends of Liberty in the West who will be present on the occasion, HENRY C. WRIGHT and CHAS. C. BURLEIGH are expected to be in attendance, and perhaps other representatives of the East.

LOT HOLMES,
Recording Sec'y.

Pastoral Supervision.

Some well disposed persons who desire to see the anti-slavery reform progress, occasionally suggest whether it is worth while for those who are contending for its advancement, to devote so much of their time to attacking the positions of the Church and Clergy. They understand that the Inquisition once ruled in Spain, they have a very wholesome and Protestant-like dread of the influence of the Jesuits, but are unable to comprehend how it is possible for the church of this land to exert so much power over the thought and actions of the people as to make it necessary for reformers to bend so much of their energies to oppose it.

It is an old saying that they who look on better understand the game than the players. They who are without the church and watch its moves, see more of the tricks of the clergy than they who are within it. The power which the clergy exercise to direct and control their flock, is perfectly despotic, and has been cunningly devised to extend and perpetuate their rule, to shut out light from the hearts and consciences of the people, and secure to the priesthood the privilege of so moulding the public mind that in all questions of morals and religion, their fiat shall be law, their decision final. We might present much testimony from the clergy themselves, to show that such is their design, and such their influence—admissions which have perhaps been made in an unguarded moment

—but in this article we will confine ourselves to a couple of extracts from a recent letter of the Rev. Dr. Humphrey, first published in the "New England Paritan," and copied into the "Ohio Observer," with the remark that it "contains much important truth, adapted to the times."

The first extract to which we would call attention, is in relation to revival meetings, and reads thus, italics and all:

"By acting under the pastor's direction, and consulting him with regard to every step, they can aid him essentially in gathering the spiritual harvest. I say, by acting under his direction, for there is no safety in leaving all the members of the church, or any of them, to act without his advice."

The practical adoption of such doctrine destroys every vestige of spiritual freedom, and makes religious duty a thing to be gauged and measured by the Pastor's rule of expediency. None of the people, no matter how intelligent and religious they may be, must take a single step, however important they may deem it, without first consulting their Pastor with a view to act under his directions. Should some of them think it right, during a revival meeting, to urge upon their fellow-members the duty of banishing intoxicating liquor from their houses, or testifying against its use at the communion table, no matter how imperative appears the obligation so to do, they must not dare to move except by command of, and under direction of their Pastor! Do they believe it is anti-christian to have soldiers in their church, to mingle the weapons of bloody warfare with the insignia of the Prince of Peace, no matter how loudly conscience demands a protest against such practice, they must not presume to speak or to act except under direction of their Pastor! Are they sensible of the evils of slavery, do the cries and sufferings of the bondmen move them to sympathy, do they regard it as inconsistent with their religious profession to recognize the man-stealer as a christian, they must refrain from declaring it unless by permission and under direction of their Pastor!

And what in such cases has been Pastoral action and Pastoral Direction? It has been to sacrifice Humanity to Sect, to exclude the consideration of every subject leading to practical righteousness, in order that "the great work of saving souls"—as they call their efforts to build and strengthen sect—may not be retarded. This is the iron rule of the church, and the consequence is, that within her borders spiritual freedom is no more; individual responsibility has become but little more than a name, the organization is corrupted, and the clergy glory in oppression. Many who wear the chains of sect are galled by the fetters, and unwillingly submit to pastoral *oecumenism*; while more are contented and happy in their bondage, well satisfied to have others do for them what God designed every one should do for himself, while the beautiful machinery of mind and heart is left to corrode with the rust of neglect.

We fully agree with Dr. Humphrey that there would be "no safety in leaving all the members of the church, *or any of them*, to act without his (the Pastor's) advice;" but not, as the Dr. assumes, because they are incapable of taking care of themselves, but because they are capable of doing it if they hearken to the teachings of the Holy Spirit; for with all due deference to the opinions of the Reverend gentleman, we believe that if there was not a priest in existence, God could rule the world and direct his people quite as well as the clergy now do. But that such a state of things as the Dr. is striving to prevent, would be unsafe, we freely admit. It would be unsafe to priestcraft, it would be unsafe to blind sectarianism, it would be unsafe to a religion which sanctions slavery, it would be unsafe to spiritual despotism; unsafe as it is to Catholicism to permit the people to read the Bible except under direction of their Pastor.

Another extract and we have done.

"It were infinitely better for the members of the church not to do anything than to set up meetings of their own, independent of any supervision, to invite in ignorant and fanatical lay exhorters of other denominations or of their own; or to resort in the out districts to any other high pressure appliances."

There is the odious doctrine of the supremacy of the priesthood, written out so that it cannot be mistaken. It is better—virtually says Dr. Humphrey, a prominent and influential leader in the ranks of orthodox divinity—it is better that the common people do nothing, rather than act without pastoral "supervision." It is better that the drunkard die in the ditch, than that they raise him from his degradation without pastoral "supervision;" it is better that professed christians should continue to murder each other on the battle field, than that church members interfere without pastoral "supervision" to prevent it; it is better that the slave should forever clank his chains than that he be redeemed without pastoral "supervision;"—better, in short, that the Devil reign undisturbed than to have him deposed without pastoral "supervision!" And as for those "ignorant and fanatical lay exhorters," especially those who cast out devils not in our name, who preach practical righteousness, who advocate universal benevolence, who strive to get up revivals of Temperance, Peace, and Anti-Slavery, obedient church members will follow not after them, nor invite them into their congregations, for it is better that the world should be damned, than be saved without pastoral "supervision;" and in despite of pastoral authority.

Such are, as we believe, the doctrines taught by Dr. Humphrey in the extracts we have quoted, and in the Pastoral Letter from which they were taken. It is true, they are more fully expressed, and rendered into simpler English than the author chose to use, but in meaning are essentially the same; and if a doubt remained as to what he really designed to teach, the practice of the Church and Clergy, the submission of the lay members and the despotism of the priests, would confirm us in the conviction that the aim of the letter referred to, is to maintain the supremacy of the latter and the debasement of the former—to secure to the priesthood the right to say what doctrines shall be taught to the people, who shall be permitted to teach them, and when and where they may be taught. If the people were permitted to examine for themselves, to investigate, without let or hindrance, all subjects they might desire to discuss any question they might please, the authority of their spiritual teachers would begin to wane, and the mountain of divinity from which the mandates of clerical power are issued, would become as a molehill in the estimation of the entire world. Then would Christianity, divested of sectarian shackles, accomplish the mighty work to which she is destined—the fetters of the slaves would be broken, Intemperance would be banished from the earth, Peace would prevail therein, and the will of God be done as it is done in Heaven.

"OUT OF THE FRYING PAN INTO THE FIRE." The "Pittsburgh Commercial Journal," speaking of Taylor's prospects of success, says:

Honest and intelligent Democrats are every day declaring their intention to support Old Rough and Ready, in order to break up the present organization of their old party, by which Northern Democrats are made mere hewers of wood and drawers of water for the slaveholding interests. The "Burnburner" spirit—so called—is not confined to New York. It pervades all ranks in the free States, and Gen. Cass will find that, with all his intrigues, he cannot barter away the free judgment and votes of Northern free men—even in his own party.

This sounds very like a rhetorical flourish, and the editor must have presumed to no inconsiderable extent upon the good nature or credulity of his readers before he penned the sentiment. If it is to be taken as a sober declaration of opinion, it is a deliberate insult to the supporters of General Taylor. Such an allusion to the unfortunate position of "hewers of wood and drawers of water for the slaveholding interests," of "the free judgment and votes of Northern free men" being bartered away, is as much out of place as to talk of the gallows to one whose father had been hung. To those who are not afflicted with the Taylor epidemic, the idea of any one forsaking Cass to support Taylor on anti-slavery grounds or to maintain northern rights, is preposterous; for however objectionable Cass may be, the members of the Democratic party will gain nothing by exchanging him for one whose sole claim to political elevation is embodied in Cuba bloodhounds, and developed in Mexican butchery.

Some of the Whig editors are endeavoring to discover by the aid of powerful magnifying lens, that Taylor is a kind of half-cent Wilmot Proviso man, and are striving to make this pretended fact so prominent an object as to hide his slaveholding and war making acts. The only punishment we desire they may suffer for this attempt at deception, is to have all such articles copied into every political paper south of Mason and Dixon's line. This would entirely defeat the object in view—the gaining of votes; for these articles are intended only for Northern circulation.

THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.—We have been favored by the publishers of this work with the No. for this month—the first they have issued. It is edited by J. Milton Sanders and John M. Huntington, and published by an association in Cincinnati. The proprietors design furnishing a Monthly, which will compare favorably with those of the East, one that while drawing contributions from some of the best writers there, will aid in developing the genius of the West, and in working up the rich materials that abound here; and if the people sustain them in their enterprise, we doubt not they can make it all, and even more than they have promised.

The No. before us is handsomely printed, illustrated with two engravings—one of which is Cincinnati in 1800—and has no odious fashion plate, of which we are glad. It has contributions from Hine, Carey, Sanders, Judge Burnett and other Western writers, while we see the names of Mrs. Sigourney and Mrs. Embury, among those of the East. Price \$3 per annum.

PEACE NOT CERTAIN.—Although the treaty with Mexico has been ratified by the government, yet it is not by any means certain that the war is at an end. Late arrivals from Mexico bring information that Parades and his friends are at the head of from one thousand to fifteen hundred troops, and have declared for a continuance of the war with the United States. This may be but the revival of a former report with some embellishment; but such a movement, sooner or later, upon the part of some of the disaffected is not improbable, for it is well known that many were opposed to buying peace at so large a sacrifice of territory. We must not flatter ourselves that the war is ended, however much we may hope it is.

The Washington Monument.

Tuesday next is to be a kind of double extra 4th of July, as that time has been selected for laying the corner stone of the Washington Monument at Washington city; at which time and place it is anticipated a great concourse will be gathered from all parts of the Union to participate in the ceremony. The structure, when finished—though when that will be is rather problematical—will be stupendous, towering aloft some five hundred feet, more than twice as high as the shaft at Bunker Hill. The expense will, of course, be immense—commensurate with, if does not exceed, the nation's gratitude. If anything we could say against such an appropriation of money, would avail aught, we would say it; but the people will build monuments, and will build them in honor of the persons or places they most venerate. So long as they worship Mars, they will delight to honor warriors, and to consecrate battle fields. That which they have reared at Bunker Hill commemorates a bloody strife, and that which they design to build at Washington is to be dedicated to a military chieftain, and one who was a slaveholder till death called him hence. They who most deserve monuments, they who have conferred a lasting benefit upon man, who have invented or perfected machinery, who have made valuable discoveries in the arts or sciences, are, with scarcely an exception, forgotten. And where are the monuments that have been reared in honor of those who, by peaceful means, have striven to live out the doctrines of our National Declaration? The walls of Baltimore jail is the monument that tells of the martyrdom of Torrey. And on Tuesday next, while tens of thousands are impiously pretending to worship Freedom, and to build a monument to one who fought for liberty, the thoughtless crowd will forget, if they ever knew it, that Washington City jail is at once the monument, and (we fear) the tomb which this nation has reared in honor of the three brave prisoners of the Pearl.

We do not believe that such monuments as Bunker Hill, or the anticipated one at Washington, will be regarded with pride or pleasure in "the good time coming." When, instead of the false light of military glory resting upon their columns, they are illuminated by the pure light of Christianity, they will be regarded by the people as monuments of folly, of a false religion, and a misguided patriotism. But the people yet sit in darkness. Though the present generation is wiser than the last, having the experience of their forefathers to be their guide, they will undoubtedly do many things of which their posterity will be ashamed, and we are mistaken if the erection of such monuments will not be numbered among them.

A COMPLIMENT TO OHIO.—Collier, a delegate from this State to the Whig Convention in Philadelphia, in the course of his remarks upon the nomination of Taylor, said that when the news of the battles of the 8th and 9th of May reached Ohio, the people of that State "could have elected old Zack Taylor President," and his "old Whitey" Vice President.

We are not disposed to question a statement so authoritatively made, especially as it matters but little to the great mass of voters who or what is on a ticket, and we think "old Whitey," if judged by his actions, is as much of a Christian and a democrat as his master. If the Whigs of Ohio are gratified by the compliment of their delegate, we have no right to say it is undeserved; and when we remember their senseless opposition to admitting a black man to the ballot box, we should not be surprised if they were willing to install a white horse as their Vice President.

"Are you not the man that tried to pick my pocket?" said a gentleman to a loafer, whom he recognized in a crowd. "There, now, my good sir," said the loafer, laying his hand on the shoulder of the other, "that's enough of that, I take no interest whatever in the discussion of such subjects."

We should like to know who that loafer was, for his philosophy stamps him as one of the Calhoun school. Perhaps he has sat at the feet of the South Carolina Gamaliel and received instruction from the lips of the Great Nullifier himself. He has however commenced practicing on too small a scale, and will have to make great advances before he confers much honor upon the teacher whose philosophy he has adopted and whose example he is following. If he would be distinguished and honored, let him buy a plantation well stocked with slaves, and commence picking pockets on a grand scale, and say to those who question his right to do so "I will not discuss the question with you now sir."

SWINDLING IN HIGH PLACES.—This nation pays 284 congressmen \$8 a day for attending to its legislative affairs. While receiving this pay, 42 of them sat as delegates in the nominating conventions at Philadelphia and Baltimore; and both Houses adjourned in order to accommodate those of their members who wished to attend these party meetings. The actual loss to the nation in way of pay to Congressmen while they were engaged in President making out of the House, appears to have been \$21,500. A more brazen faced piece of swindling was never perpetrated upon a credulous and all submissive community.

General Rems.

The average sickness in human life has been computed at ten days per annum for a life of seventy years.

Father Matthew had a paralytic stroke on Easter Sunday, which will defer, if not altogether prevent his intended visit to this country.

The cost of Girard College was only one million, nine hundred and forty-eight thousand dollars.

The New York Supreme Court has vetoed the law allowing any one to practice as a lawyer—declaring it to be unconstitutional.

The Scientific American says that the machinery in use in England equals the labor of six hundred millions of men. This is generally in the hands of capitalists, and it may thus be seen what a tremendous power for crushing the operatives is at their command.

The New Yorkers are about erecting a monument to De Witt Clinton. Some of the papers speak of this as "an act of long delayed justice." Wonder what constitutes a legal claim to a monument.

The Rothschild banking house, will, it is said, lose not less than two hundred millions of francs by the late revolutions in Europe.

The New York Herald, says that the Democratic papers in the State, so far as heard from, stand, for the Baltimore nomination fifty-eight, opposed to it thirty-nine.

The wool crop of Michigan, amounted last year to 1,600,000 lbs.

India Rubber springs are beginning to be used for the cars on the Boston and Worcester rail-road; and the rails on one track of the latter are laid on India Rubber.

Meeting on the 4th of July.

We have been requested to state that our friends Stedman, Case, and Smalley, will hold an Anti-Slavery Meeting at Rootstown, on Tuesday, the 4th of July, commencing at 9 o'clock, A. M., and continuing through the day.

Will the friends of the Slave in the above place see that the necessary arrangements are made?

"1000 GUNS FOR TAYLOR AND LIBERTY" is the caption which the Chardon "Republican and Whig," places over one of its electioneering articles. Such twaddle comes as near as possible to our ideas of "flap doodle, the stuff fools are fed on." How any man in the possession of his senses, and with a modicum of honesty can attempt to connect the name of Taylor with Liberty, is a marvel. To do it, while the entire history of the man is a record of robbery, and murder for the sake of robbery, is an evidence, either of moral insanity or of premeditated wickedness. There is the same difference between Zachary Taylor the General and Dick Crowsnield the Assassin, as between Alexander the Great and the robber whom he had brought in chains before him.

A QUESTION FOR SABBATARIANS.—The 4th of March next, the day fixed by the Constitution for the inauguration of the President, occurs on Sunday. Now as James K. Polk cannot hold the office over that Sunday, nor the President elect be inaugurated before, either the Sabbath must be broken by the ceremony, or the people will have to be one day without a President. As that officer is the head of the government, the government will have no head, and it is to be presumed no life. This nation will therefore have to break the Sabbath or adopt NO-GOVERNMENTISM for at least one day. Which is the lesser evil?

HENRY CLAPP of the Pioneer, the embodiment of anti-organization, has sailed for Liverpool; and has gone out as a delegate from an organization known as the "American Branch of the League of Universal Brotherhood" to an organized Convention of the General League, to be held in Paris this month.

The Executive Committee will meet at the usual place on the 2nd of July.

THE NATIONAL REFORMERS at their Industrial Congress held in Philadelphia, nominated Gerrit Smith of New York for President, and Wm. S. Wait of Ill. for Vice President.

Illustration of Brazilian Slavery.

A Montevideo newspaper contains the following statement. Lord Howden is British Minister at the Court of Brazil.

"In the beginning of September a little negro girl either strayed unintentionally or came wifely into the court before the country house inhabited by Lord Howden, in the mountains behind the city of Rio Janeiro. The girl could not speak a word of Portuguese, being fresh from the coast of Africa, and she therefore was unable to give any account of herself or explain the motive of her coming to the British Minister's residence. Lord Howden, waiting till the negroess should be claimed, retained her for three days; on the fourth morning a Senhor Leite, a rich merchant, notorious for his slave-dealing practices, came and claimed the girl."

Lord Howden told him he would send her to the house of the British legation in Rio at a certain hour in the day, and, if he there proved that she was born in the country, and she belonged to him, she should be delivered up, on the promise that she should not be punished for what she had done. M. Leite said that if that was the case he should not go and claim her, as she was, he confessed, a newly imported slave, and ought, therefore, to be given up to the government, and that Lord Howden's proposition was merely a snare to get him into trouble.

In the course of the day the negroess was put under the care of a lady who had been staying at Lord Howden's and was returning to Rio with her maid. The party had hardly proceeded a hundred yards, when in the middle of a darkly shaded path, a dozen black slaves, headed by a white overseer, all armed with bludgeons, rushing from behind the trees, where they had concealed themselves, and knocked down the lady and her maid. In trying to cover their eyes, so as not to see, and in stopping their mouths so as to prevent their shrieks being heard, these ruffians tore all their clothes, and while thus unprotected women were left half dead upon the ground, the white overseer threw the little negroess over his shoulder, and they ran into the thicket from which they had emerged.

After they had disappeared, the lady suspecting from what quarter the assault proceeded, with great presence of mind, ran to a spot whence she could see the village where Senhor Leite lived, and shortly afterwards she perceived the white man and the black slaves go into a house that was building, but without the negroess; she then ran to Lord Howden's cottage and told him what had taken place, and accompanied by her, his lordship went to the place where this gang of ruffians had been seen to enter.

At this moment the white overseer put his head out of the window of a half-built house, and thinking the coast clear, came into the yard, which was unfinished and open, with two other white persons, but neither of whom was Senhor Leite, who had taken good care to absent himself, and leave the execution of the outrage to others. On the white overseer being identified by the lady, Lord Howden, though single handed, walked up to the man standing between his two countrymen, and in the midst of his blacks, seized him by the collar, threw him down, and tied his hands behind him with his handkerchief, to the utter astonishment of a large crowd which by this time collected.

His lordship then told the man to walk before him, and thus marched him into town, a distance of about four miles, where he lodged him in the power of the Minister of Foreign Affairs. In a country like Brazil, where there is one great and continuous slave dealing league against the efforts of England, any attempt to arrest, short of such an act of energy as the above, would have been perfectly illusory. As it is, the negroess has never been heard of since. Senhor Leite is a man of the worst character, and through his tortuous dealings has amassed considerable property. He is generally accused of having once roasted his cook alive for having over-dressed his dinner. To do the Imperial Government justice, it has not sought to screen the author of the outrage.

Oppression in Ireland.

So contagious is the spirit of liberty in Europe, so successful the efforts of those who have made revolution their watch-word, that the government of Great Britain felt itself compelled to adopt more stringent measures toward those who were preaching rebellion to the dissatisfied peasantry of Ireland.—Mitchell, an enthusiastic and talented lawyer and editor of the "United Irishman," was arrested for an editorial in his paper of the 13th of May, and on the 27th was sentenced to fourteen years transportation to Bermuda.

The account of his conviction &c. is copied from the "European Times."

When the verdict of guilty against Mr. Mitchell was delivered, a scene of great confusion ensued in the court, but the tranquility of the city of Dublin was not materially disturbed.

On the following day, the 27th ult., Mr. Mitchell was brought up for sentence, and after some speeches, equally defiant as his previous conduct; of all authority whatsoever, he was sentenced by the court to fourteen years transportation. On the same day, he was conveyed, in the ordinary prison van, to a government steamer lying close to the quay.

We forbear to touch here upon all the affecting circumstances of the sudden parting of this unfortunate man with his wife, children and confederates. The sternness of ambition yielded before the overpowering claims of nature, and hurried away as he was from the theatre of his crime, few can have felt more painfully than Mitchell the deep anguish of seeing one's native land receding amidst the growing waters. This has been a stunning blow to the confederate party.

By a vote of the Repeal Association, the wife and children of Mr. Mitchell are to be adopted by the people of Ireland, and their comfort and education provided for at the public expense, out of a subscription to be raised for the purpose.

The types of the United Irishman newspaper were immediately seized by the government, and his property sequestered. That paper is accordingly at an end, but arrangements are in progress for bringing out a new journal, of a similar tendency, under the sovereign style, title and dignity of the Irish Felon.

The language of Mr. John O'Connell, at the Repeal Association, when urging the members to adopt the family of Mitchell, and in expressing indignation against the Attorney General, was particularly exciting. He called upon all Irishmen never again to speak to the Attorney General, but to spit upon him as he had spit upon the Catholics—not to expose themselves to be struck down singly, but to band themselves together as determined and united Irishmen.

Mr. Mitchell arrived at Spike Island, Cork, on Sunday night, and was instantly handed over to the Governor. He will immediately assume the convict dress, and be treated in every respect like an ordinary convict.

H. M. steam sloop Scourge of six guns, Com. Wingrove, left Portsmouth on Monday morning for Cork, to take on board the unhappy Mr. Mitchell, and other prisoners, and to proceed immediately to Bermuda.

The following is an extract from the anti-

ele, for the publication of which, the writer was cruelly and infamously punished.

"I tell you frankly, that I, for one, am not 'loyal.' I am not wedded to the Queen of England, nor unalterably attached to the House of Brunswick. In fact, I love my barn better than I love that house. The time is long past when Jehovah anointed kings.—The thing has long since grown a monstrous imposture, and has already in some civilized countries, been detected and drummed out accordingly. A modern King my friend, is no more like an anointed shepherd of the people, than an archbishop's apron, is like the Urim and Thummim. There is no divine right, now but in the sovereign people."

"And for the institutions of the country," I loathe and despise them; we are sickening and dying of these institutions fast; they are consuming us like a plague, degrading us as paupers in mind, body and estate, yes, making our very souls beggerly and cowardly. They are a failure and a fraud, these institutions—from the topmost crown-jewel, to the meanest detective's note book, there is no soundness in them. God and man are weary of them. Their last hour is at hand, I thank God I live in the days when I shall witness their utter downfall, and shall trample on the grave of the most pernicious, the grandest, the meanest, falsest and cruellest tyranny that ever defamed the world.

"My friends, the people's sovereignty, the land, and sea, and air of Ireland, for the people of Ireland; this is the gospel that the heavens and the earth are preaching, and that all hearts are secretly burning to embrace. Give up forever the old interpretation you put on the word 'Repeal.' Repeal is no priest movement; no sectarian movement; it is no money swindle, nor 'Eighty-two delusion,' nor puffery, nor O'Connellism, nor Mullaghastreen cap, stage play, nor loud sounding inquiry of any sort, got up for any man's profit or praise. It is the mighty passionate struggle of a nation, hastening to be born into new life; in the which unspeakable throes all the parts, and powers, and elements of our Irish existence—our confederations, our protestant repeal associations, our truant-right societies, our clubs, cliques, add committees, amidst confusion enough, and the saddest jostling and jumbling, are all inevitably tending, however unconsciously, to one and the same illustrious goal—not a local legislature—not a return to our 'ancient constitution'—nor a golden link, or a patch work Parliament, or a College green chapel of ease to St. Stephen's—but an Irish Republic—one and indivisible."

"I will speak plainly. There is growing on the soil of Ireland a wealth of grain, and roots, and cattle, far more than enough to sustain in life and in comfort all the inhabitants of the island—that wealth must not leave us another year, till every grain is fought for in every stage, from the tying of the sheaf, to the loading of the ship, and the effort necessary to that simple act of preservation, will at one and the same blow prostrate the British dominion and landlordism together. It is but the one act of volition. If we resolve but to live, we make our country a free and sovereign State."

"Will you not gird up your loins for this great national struggle, and stand with your countrymen for life and land? Will you—the sons of a warlike race—the inheritors of conquering memories, with the arms of freedom in all your homes, and relics of the gallant Republicans of '98 forever before your eyes—will you stand folding your hands in helpless 'loyalty,' and while every nation in Christendom is seizing on its birthright with armed hand, will you patiently take your rations of yellow meal, and your inevitable portion of eternal contempt?"

"If this be your determination, Protestants of Ulster, then make haste, sign addresses of loyalty, and of confidence in Lord Clarendon, and protest with that lord, your unalterable attachment to 'our venerable institutions.'"

JOHN MITCHELL.

WESTERN ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.

The result of the effort made last year by the Abolitionists of the West, to hold an Anti-Slavery Fair, was abundantly gratifying; and fully demonstrated the practicability and usefulness of the plan. The Call was promptly responded to by many, the avails of whose labor greatly aided the Western Anti-Slavery Society, and enabled it to prosecute its work with renewed vigor. The exigencies of the cause demand as much sacrifice and effort now as were needed then. The victory of Freedom is not yet won—the clank of the bondman's fetters has not yet ceased—American women are still chattelized and imbruted. The blighting influence that slavery has extended over the South and over the North, still exists—the Church is not yet purified of its iniquity, nor the State redeemed from its degradation. We therefore, friends of the Slave, appeal to you again—we appeal to your love of Liberty—to your reverence for the Eternal principles of Right; and ask you to bring this year another offering that may be used for the dissemination of Anti-Slavery Truth—for the increase of Anti-Slavery knowledge.

No inconsiderable portion of the donations at last year's Fair, was derived from the Farmer, the Mechanic, the Merchant and the Manufacturer—will they not be as generous now as then, and each give ungrudgingly and liberally that which he has to bestow? Articles that cannot readily be transported to the Fair, may, with a little effort, be converted into money, or exchanged for goods that can be carried. Those who wish to aid in this work, need not be at a loss how to labor. Where Sewing Circles are not already in operation, may we not confidently hope they will speedily be organized, that their varied gifts of beautiful and fancy articles may not be wanting?

The special object of the proposed Fair is to aid the Western Anti-Slavery Society; and all funds there received will be placed in its Treasury—no goods are solicited, and none will be sold for the benefit of any other object. Those who are willing to assist this Society in sustaining its various agencies for promoting Anti-Slavery agitation, for hastening the redemption of the enslaved, are earnestly invited to join us. We labor not for the advancement of any political party—for the furtherance of any measures that invoke the aid of brute force. It is by the strength of moral power we would tear down the strong holds of oppression—it is by establishing righteous principles we would secure for all an inheritance of Freedom. If you who profess to be the friends of the Slave, are

really with us in this contest between Truth and Error—in this Struggle and Liberty—we shall expect your cordial co-operation. The Fair will be held at the time and place of the next Annual Meeting.

J. ELIZABETH JONES, Salem, HENRY M. COULLES, Astoria, SARETTA BROWN, New Lyme, ELIZA HOLMES, Columbia, MARIA L. GIDDINGS, Jefferson, LYDIA JAMES, New Lisbon, JANE D. MCNEAL, Greene, REBECCA S. THOMAS, Marlboro, MARIA WHITMORE, Andover, MARY DONALDSON, Cincinnati, ELIZABETH STEEDMAN, Randolph, HANNAH C. THOMAS, Mt. Union, CLARISSA G. OLDS, Unionville, ANN WALKER, Leosville, SARAH B. DUGDALE, Green Plain, PHOEBE ANN CARROLL, Ravenna, HARRIET N. TORREY, Parkman, ELLEN CLARK, Wadsworth.

Anti-Slavery Meetings.

Henry C. Wright, the Apostle of Peace, and Charles C. Burleigh, the eloquent Anti-Slavery Advocate, will hold meetings at the following places, viz: at

Place	Date
Chagrin Falls, Ohio	July 1st & 2d
Cleveland, "	" 3th
Twinburg, "	" 5th
Richfield, "	" 8th & 9th
Akron, "	" 11th
Ravenna, "	" 13th & 14th
Randolph, "	" 15th & 16th
Massillon, "	" 18th
Green Plain, "	" 22 & 23
Cincinnati, "	" 25, 26, 27 & 28
New Richmond, "	" 29 & 30
Harveysburg, "	August 4, 5 & 6
Georgetown, "	" 12 & 13

The meetings at New Lyme, Cleveland, and Akron, will commence at 10 o'clock, A. M.; at Mecca the meeting will commence on the evening of the 25th, and continue throughout the next day and evening; at Augustinburg the afternoon and evening of the 28th; the others, on the first day of the meetings at 2 o'clock, P. M., subsequent days at 10 A. M.

The friends of Reform are requested to make all necessary arrangements for the meetings, and give as wide a notice as possible. Now is the time to agitate.

Those owing for the Bugle, or from whom pledges are due to the Western A. S. Society, can avail themselves of the opportunity afforded by these meetings to pay to.

SAM'L BROOKS.

Books! Books!

An assortment of Anti-Slavery and some other reformatory books can be obtained at the meetings of Wright and Burleigh. Among the rest

DICK CROWNSHIELD, THE ASSASSIN, AND ZACHARY TAYLOR, THE SOLDIER, The Difference between them.

BY HENRY C. WRIGHT. This Tract should be scattered broadcast over the country, as well as many other Books and Tracts comprising the assortment.

Receipts.

Name	Amount
J. H. Barnes, Berlin	1.00-171
R. Lukens, Short Creek	1.00-199
M. H. Peck, Hudson	1.50-160
P. O. Hamlin, Unity	50-134
A. C. Baker, Elkton	50-174
G. Clapsaddle, Mt. Union	1.00-103
A. J. Blackbird, Twinsburg	75-136
E. Clark	1.25-214
R. Baldwin, Lima, Pa.	1.00-151
J. Jeffery, Savannah	1.00-145
J. Hewitt	1.00-145
C. Whitacre, New Lisbon	1.50-156
N. Ball, Pottersville	1.00-171
J. Butts, Berlin	1.50-151
J. Stofer, Marlboro	3.00-263
J. Shaw, Augusta	1.75-101
C. Chandler, Columbiana	1.00-201
J. Smith, Wilkesville	50-175
Z. Johnson, Mt. Union	1.00-208
A. Jacobs, Youngstown	1.00-201
J. R. Holcomb	50-175
J. Thomas, Salem	3.50-104
W. Stevenson, Utica	1.50-175
T. Task	1.50-175
T. McNaughton	1.50-175
A. McFarland	1.50-175
E. Hamlin, Pottersville	1.25-197
S. Meredith, Berlin	50-137
M. Watson, Somerset	1.00-156

PLEASE take notice, that in the acknowledgment of subscription money for the Bugle, not only is the amount received placed opposite the subscribers name, but also the number of the paper to which he has paid, and which will be found in the outside column of figures.

No subscriber need expect that a reduction from the price of \$150 will be made, unless the money is forwarded at the time specified in the published terms.

COVERLET AND INGRAIN CARPET WEAVING.

The subscribers, thankful for past favours conferred the last season, takes this method to inform the public that he still continues in the well-known stand formerly carried on by James McLeran, in the Coverlet and Carpet business.

Directions.—For double coverlets spin the woolen yarn at least 12 cuts to the pound, double and twist 32 cuts, coloring 8 of it red, and 24 blue; or in the same proportions of any other two colors; double and twist of No. 5 cotton, 30 cuts for chain. He has two machines to weave the half-double coverlets. For No. 1, prepare the yarn as follows: double and twist of No. 7 cotton yarn 18 cuts, and 9 cuts of single yarn colored light blue for chain, with 18 cuts of double and twisted woolen, and 18 cuts of No. 9 for filling. For No. 2, prepare of No. 5 cotton yarn, 16 cuts double and twisted, and 8 cuts single, colored light blue, for the chain—17 cuts of double and twisted woolen, and one pound single white cotton for filling. For those two machines spin the woolen yarn nine or ten cuts to the pound.

Plain and figured table linen, &c. woven. ROBERT HINSHILLWOOD, Green street, Salem.

June 15th, 1845. 6m-148

POETRY.

The Exiles—A Tale of New England.

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

[The incidents upon which the following ballad has its foundation, occurred about the year 1660. Thomas Macey was one of the first, if not the first, white settler of Nantucket. A quaint description of his singular and perilous voyage, in his own handwriting, is still preserved.]

The Goodman sat beside the door
One sultry afternoon,
With his young wife singing at his side
A quaint and goodly tune.

A glimmer of heat was in the air—
The dark green woods were still;
And the skirts of a heavy thunder-cloud
Hung over the western hill.

Black, thick, and vast, arose that cloud
Above the wilderness,
As some dark world from upper air
Were stooping over this.

At times, the solemn thunder pealed,
And all was still again,
Save a low murmur in the air
Of coming wind and rain.

Just as the first big rain-drop fell,
A weary stranger came,
And stood before the farmer's door,
With travel soiled and lame.

Sad seemed he, yet sustaining hope
Was in his quiet glance,
And peace, like autumn's moonlight, clothed
His tranquil countenance.

A look, like that his Master wore
In Pilate's council hall:
It told of wrongs—hat of a love
Meekly forgiving all.

"Friend! wilt thou give me shelter here?"
The stranger meekly said;
And, leaning on his oaken staff,
The Goodman's features read.

"My life is hunted—evil men
Are following in my track;
The traces of the torturer's whip
Are on my aged back.

"And much, I fear, 'twill peril thee
Within thy doors to take
A hunted seeker of the Truth,
Oppressed for conscience sake."

Oh, kindly spoke the Goodman's wife—
"Come in, old man!" quoth she,
"We will not leave thee to the storm
Whoever thou may'st be."

Then came the aged wanderer in
And silent sat him down;
While all within grew dark as night
Beneath the storm-cloud's frown.

But while the sudden lightning's blaze
Filled every cottage nook,
The loosened casements shook,
The heavy tramp of horses' feet
Came sounding up the lane,
And half a score of horse, or more,
Came plunging through the rain.

"Now, Goodman Macey, open thy door—
We would not be house-breakers;
A useful deed thou'lt do this day,
In harboring banished Quakers."

Outlooked the cautious Goodman then,
With much of fear and awe,
For there, with broad wig drenched with rain,
The Parish Priest he saw.

"Open thy door, thou wicked man,
And let thy pastor in,
And give God thanks, for fifty stripes
Repay thy deadly sin."

"What seek ye?" quoth the Goodman,
"The stranger is my guest;
He is worn with toil and grievous wrong—
Pray let the old man rest."

"Now, out upon thee, cunning knave!"
And strong hands shook the door,
"Believe me, Macey," quoth the Priest,
"Thou'lt rue thy conduct sore."

Then kindled Macey's eye of fire:
"No priest who walks the earth,
Shall pluck away the stranger-guest
Made welcome to my hearth."

Down from his cottage wall he caught
The match-lock hotly tried
At Preston-pans and Marston-moor,
By fiery Iretton's side;

Where Puritan and Cavalier,
With about and pauls contended;
And Rupert's oath, and Cromwell's prayer,
With battle-thunder blended.

Up rose the ancient stranger then:
"My spirit is not free
To bring the wrath and violence
Of evil men on thee."

"And for thyself, I pray forbear—
Bethink thee of thy Lord,
Who healed again the smitten ear,
And sheathed his follower's sword."

"I go, as to the slaughter led:
Friends of the poor, farewell!"
Beneath his hand the oaken door,
Back on its hinges fell.

"Come forth, old gray-beard, yea and nay;
The reckless scoldard cried,
As to a horseman's saddle bow
The old man's arms were tied."

And of his bondage hard and long
In Boston's crowded jail,
Where suffering woman's prayer was heard,
With uttering childhood's wail,

It suits not with our tale to tell:
Those scenes have passed away—
Let the dim shadows of the past,
Brood o'er that evil day.

"Ho, Sheriff!" quoth the ardent Priest—
"Take Goodman Macey too;
The sin of this day's heresy,
His back or purse shall rue."

And Priest and Sheriff, both together
Upon his threshold stood,

When Macey, through another door,
Sprang out into the wood.

"Now goodwife, as thou lovest me, haste!"
She caught his manly arm:
Behind, the parson urged pursuit,
With outcry and alarm.

Ho! speed the Maceys, neck or nought,
The river course was near:
The plashing on its pebbled shore
Was music to their ear.

A gray rock, tasseled o'er with birch
Above the waters hung,
And at its base, with every wave,
A small light wherry swung.

A leap—they gain the boat—and there
The Goodman yields his oar:
"Ill luck betide them all!" he cried,
"The laggards upon shore."

Down through the crashing under-wood,
The burly Sheriff came—
"Stand, Goodman Macey—yield thyself;
Yield in the King's own name."

"Now out upon thy hangman's face!"
Bold Macey answered then—
"Whip women, on the village green,
But meddle not with men."

The Priest came panting to the shore—
His grave, cocked hat was gone:
Behind him, like some owl's nest, hung
His wig upon a thorn.

"Come back—come back!" the Parson cried,
"The Church's curse beware."
"Curse 'an thou wilt," said Macey, "but
Thy blessing prithee spare."

"Vile scold!" cried the baffled Priest—
"Thou'lt yet the gallows see!" [ed.]
"Whose horn to be hanged, will not be drawn—
Quoth Macey merrily;

"And so, sir Sheriff and Priest, good bye!"
He bent him to his oar,
And the small boat glided quietly
From the twain upon the shore.

Now in the West, the heavy clouds
Scattered and fell asunder,
While feebler came the rush of rain,
And fainter growled the thunder.

And through the broken clouds, the sun
Looked out serene and warm,
Painting its holy symbol-light
Upon the passing storm.

Oh, beautiful! that rain-bow span,
O'er dim Crane-neck was blended—
One bright foot touched the Eastern hills,
And one with Ocean blended.

By green Pentucket's southern slope
The small boat glided fast—
The watchers of "the Black-house" saw
The strangers as they passed.

That night a stalwart garrison
Sat shaking in their shoes,
To hear the dip of Indian oars—
The glide of birch canoes.

They passed the bluffs of Amesbury,
And saw the sunshine glow
Upon the Powwow's winding stream,
And on the hills of Po.

The fisher-wives of Salisbury,
("The men were all away,"
Looked out to see the stranger oar
Upon their waters play.

Deer-Island's rocks and fir-trees threw
Their sunset-shadows o'er them,
And Newbury's spire and weathercock
Peered o'er the pines before them.

Around the Black Rocks, on their left,
The marsh lay broad and green; [ed.]
And on their right, with dwarf shrubs crown'd—
Plum Island's hills were seen.

With skillful hand and wary eye
The harbor-bar was crossed—
A plaything of the restless wave,
The boat on ocean tossed.

The glory of the sunset heaven
On land and water lay—
On the steep hills of Agarvon,
On cape, and bluff, and bay.

They passed the gray rocks of Cape Ann,
And Gloucester harbor bars
The watch-fire of the garrison
Shone like a setting star.

How brightly broke the morning
On Massachusetts' Bay!
Blue waves, and bright green island,
Rejoicing in the day.

On passed the bark in safety
Round isle and headland steep—
No tempest broke above them,
No fog-cloud veiled the deep.

Far round the bleak and stormy Cape
The vent'rous Macey passed,
And on Nantucket's naked isle,
Drew up his boat at last.

And how, in log-built cabin,
They braved the rough sea-weather;
And there, in peace and quietness,
Went down life's vale together;

How others drew around them,
And how their fishing sped,
Until to every wind of heaven
Nantucket's sails were spread;

How pale Want alternated
With Plenty's golden smile;
Behold, in the annals of the isle!
In the annals of the isle!

And yet that isle remaineth
A refuge of the free,
As when true-hearted Macey
Beheld it from the sea.

Free as the winds that winnow
Her shrubless hills of sand—
Free as the waves that batter
Along her yielding land.

Then here, at Duty's summons,
Nor falls o'er human suffering
A readier tear than here.

God bless the sea-boat island!
And grant for evermore,
That Charity and Freedom dwell,
As now, upon her shore!

MISCELLANEOUS.

Thoughts on Labor.

BY THEODORE PARKER.

It is no law of God, that when Sin gets a foothold in the world it should hold on forever, nor can Folly keep its dominion over society simply by right of "adverse possession." It is better that the body went bare and hungry, rather than the soul should starve. Certainly the Life is more than meat, though it would not weigh so much in the butcher's scale.

There are remedies at hand. It is true a certain amount of labor must be performed, in order that society be fed and clothed, warmed and comforted, relieved when sick, and buried when dead. If this is wisely distributed—if each performs his just portion, the burthen is slight, and crushes no one. Here, as elsewhere, the closer we keep to Nature, the safer we are. It is not under the burthen of Nature that society groans, but the work of Caprice, of Ostentation, of contemptible Vanity, of Luxury, which is never satisfied—these oppress the world. If these latter are given up, and each performs what is due from him, and strives to diminish the general burthen and not add to it, then no man is oppressed; there is time enough for each man to cultivate what is noble in him, and be all that this nature allows. It is doubtful right that one man should use the services of another; but only when both parties are benefited by the relation. The Smith may use the services of the Collier, the Grocer and the Grazier, for he does them a service in return. He who heals the body deserves a compensation at the hands of whomsoever he serves. If the Painter, the Preacher, the Statesman, is doing a great work for his kind, he has a right to the service in return. His fellow man may do for him what otherwise he ought to do for himself. Thus he is repaid and is at liberty to devote the undivided energy of his genius to the work. But on what ground an idle man, who does nothing for society, or an active man, whose work is wholly selfish, can use the services of others, and call them to feed and comfort him, who repays no equivalent in kind, it yet remains for Reason to discover. The only equivalent for service is a service in return. If Hercules is stronger, Solon is wiser, and Job richer than the rest of men, it is not that they may desire more of their fellows, but may do more for them. "We that are strong, ought to bear the infirmities of the weak," says a good man. In respect, however, to the matter of personal service, this seems to be the rule: that no one, whatever be his station, wants, attainments, or riches, has any right to receive from another any service which degrades the servant in his own eyes, or the eyes of the public, or in the eyes of him who receives the service. It is surely unmanly to receive a favor which you would not give. If it degrades David to do a menial service for Abud then it degrades Abud just as much to do the same for David. The difference between King and Slave vanishes when both are examined from the height of their common humanity, just as the difference between the west and the north-west side of a hair on the surface of the earth is inconsiderable to an eye that looks down from the sun, and takes in the whole system, though it might appear stupendous to the moles that swim uncounted in a drop of dew. But no work useful or ornamental to human life, needs no degrading. It is the lasting disgrace of society, that the most useful employments are called "low." There is implied in this very term, tacit confession on part of the employer, that he has wronged and subjugated the person who serves him; for when these same actions are performed by the mother for her child, or the son for his father, and are done for love and not money, they are counted not as low, but rather ennobling.

The law of Nature is, that work and the enjoyment of the work go together. Thus God has given each animal the power of self-help and all necessary organs. The same Robin builds the nest and lives in it. Each Lion has claws and teeth, and kills his own meat. Every Beaver has prudence and plastic skill, and so builds for himself. In those classes of animals where there is a division of labor, one brings the wax, another builds the comb, and a third collects the honey; and each one is at work. The drones are expelled when they work no more. Even the Ruler of the colony is the most active member of the state, and really the mother of the whole people. She only is "happy asking," because she does the most work. Hence she has a divine right to her common station. She never eats the bread of sin. She is queen of the Workers. Here each works for the good of all, and not solely for his own benefit. Still less is any one an injury to the others. In Nature, those animals that cannot work are provided for by Love. Thus a young Lion is fed by the parent, and the old Stork by its children. Were a full grown Lion so foolish that he would not hunt, the result is plain—he must starve. Now this is a foreboding of Man's estate. God has given us ten fingers for every two lips. Each is to use the ability he has for himself and for others. Who that is able will not return to society, with his head or his hand, an equivalent for what is received. Only the Stagnard and the Robber. These, the Drones and Pirates of society, represent a class. It is the plain duty of each, so far as he is able, to render an equivalent for what he receives, and thus to work for the good of all, but each in his own way—Dorcas the seamstress at her craft, and Moses and Paul at theirs. If one cannot work through weakness, or infirmity, or age, or sickness, Love works for them, and they too are fed. If one will not work though he can, the law of nature should have its effect. He ought to starve. If one insists simply upon getting into his hands the earnings of others and adding nothing to the common stock, he is a robber, and should properly meet with the contempt and the stout resistance of society. There is in the whole world but a certain amount of value, out of which each is to have a subsistence while here, for we are all but life tenants of the earth, which we hold in common. We brought nothing into it, we can carry nothing out of it. No man, therefore, has a natural right to any more than he earns or can use. He who adds anything to the common stock and inheritance of the next age, though it be but a sheaf of wheat, or cocoon of silk he has produced, a napkin or a brown loaf he has made, is a benefactor to his race, so far as that goes. But he who gets into his hands by force, cunning or deceit, more than he earns, does thereby force his fellow mortal to accept less

than his true share. So far as that goes he is a curse to mankind.

There are three ways of getting wealth.—First, by seizing with violence what is already in existence, and appropriating it to yourself. This is the method of the old Romans, of Robbers and Pirates, from Sciron to Captain Kidd. Second, by getting possession of goods in the way of traffic, or by some similar process. Here the agent is Cunning, and not Force; the instrument is a gold coin, and not an iron sword, as in the former case. This method is called Trade, as the other is named Robbery. But in both cases wealth is acquired by one party and lost by the other. In the first case there is a loss of positive value; in the latter there is no increase. The world gains nothing by either. The third method is the application of labor and skill to the earth or the production of nature. Here is a positive increase of value. We have a dozen potatoes for one that was planted, or an elegant dress instead of a handful of wool and flax. The two former classes consume much, but produce nothing. Of these the Roman says, "fruges consumere nati."—they are born to eat up the corn. Yet in all ages they have been set in high places. The world dishonors its workmen, stones its prophets, crucifies its Saviours, but bows down its neck before wealth, however won, and shouts till the writhing rings again "Long live Violence and Fraud."

The world has always been partial to its oppressors. Many men fancy themselves an ornament to the world, whose presence in it is a disgrace and a burthen to the ground they stand on. The man who does nothing for the race, but sit at his ease, and fares daintily, because wealth has fallen into his hands, is a burthen to the world. He may be a polished gentleman, a scholar, the master of elegant accomplishments, but so long as he takes no pains to work for man, with his head or his hand, what claim has he to respect, or even a subsistence?—The rough-handed woman, who with a salt-fish and a basket of vegetables, provides substantial food for a dozen working men, and washes their apparel, and makes them comfortable and happy, is a blessing to the land, though she have no education, while this poor fellow with his culture and his wealth is a curse.—She does her duty so far as she sees it, and so deserves the thanks of man. But every oyster or berry that you has eaten, has performed its duty better than he. "It was made to support human nature, and it has done so," while he is but a consumer of food and clothing. That public opinion tolerates such men is no small marvel.

The productive classes of the world are those who bless it by their work or their thought. He who invents a machine, does no less a service than he who tills all day with his hands. Thus the inventors of the plough, the loom, and the ship, were deservedly placed among those society was to honor. But they also, who teach men moral and religious truth, who give them dominion over the world; instruct them to think; to live together in peace; to love one another; and pass good lives enlightened by Wisdom, charmed by Goodness, and enchanted by Religion, they who build up a loftier population making man more manly, are the greatest benefactors of the world. They speak of the deepest wants of the soul, and give men the water of life and the bread from Heaven. They are loaded with contumely in their life and come to a violent end. But their influence passes like morning from land to land, and villages and city grow glad in their light. That is a poor economy, common as it is, which overlooks these men. It is a vulgar mind that would rather Paul had continued a tent-maker and Jesus a carpenter.

Now the remedy for the hard service that is laid upon the human race consists partly in lessening the number of unproductive classes, and increasing the workers and thinkers, as well as in giving up the work of Ostentation and Folly and Sin. It has been asserted on high authority, that if all men and women capable of work, would toil diligently but two hours out of twenty-four, the work of the world would be done, and all would be as comfortably fed and clothed, as well educated and housed, and provided for in general, as they now are, even admitting they all went to sleep the other twenty-two hours of the day and night. If this was done, we should hear nothing of the sickness of sedentary and rich men.

Exercise for the sake of health would be heard of no more. One class would not be crushed by hard work, nor another oppressed by indolence and condemned, in order to resist the just vengeance nature takes on them, to consume noxious drugs, and resort to artificial and hateful methods in order to preserve a life that is not worth the keeping, because it is worthless and ignominious. Now men may work at the least three or four times this necessary amount each day, and yet find their labor a pastime, a dignity, and a blessing, and likewise find abundant time for study, for social intercourse and recreation. Then if a man's calling were to think and write, he would not injure the world by even excessive devotion to his favorite pursuit, for the general burden would still be slight.

Another remedy is this—the mind does the body's work. The head saves the hands. It invents machines which, doing the work of many hands, will at least set free a large portion of leisure time from slavery to the elements. The brute force of nature is waiting man's command, and are ready to serve him. At the voice of Genius the river consents to turn his wheel, and weave and spin for the antipodes. The mine sends him iron Vassals, to toil in cold and heat. Fire and water embrace at his bidding, and a new servant is born, which will fetch and carry at his command; will face down all the storms of the Atlantic; will force anchors, and spin gossamer threads, and run of errands up and down the continent with men and women on his back. This last child of Science, though yet a stripling and in leading-strings, is already a stout giant. The fable of Orpheus, is a true story in our times.—There are four stages of progress in regard to labor, which are observable in the history of man. First he does his own work by his hands. Adam tills the ground in the sweat of his own face, and Noah builds an ark in many years of toil. Next he forces his fellow mortal to work for him, and Canaan becomes a servant unto his brother, and Job is made rich by the sweat of his great household of slaves. Then he seizes on the beasts, and the bull and horse drag the plough of Castor and Pollux. At last he sets free his brother, works with his own hands, commands the beasts, and makes the brute force of the elements also toil for him. Then he has dominion over the earth, and enjoys his birthright.

From the New Hampshire Patriot.

"Inscrutable Dispensations."

We were struck the other day, in reading the proceedings of a mess of "doctors" about one of their number who had just been borne to the dark and narrow house, at the quietness with which the decease of their associate was laid at the door of Providence, and left there like a new-born infant at the gate of a foundling hospital. Not that the language employed by them differed in any essential way from that usually employed on such occasions. "The spirit of it certainly is wide-spread in the community." "Whereas, by an inscrutable dispensation of Divine Providence," &c. We know nothing whatever about the particular case referred to, not even the name the faculty gave to the form of disease which gathered the professor of the healing art to his fathers. But we do know that men have no right to roll over on the shoulders of their Creator the responsibility of their own law breakages. Men do not die by inscrutable dispensations of Providence—men die through the natural and inevitable operation of the laws, against which they find themselves arrayed, or against which they sin. All over God's government, in the sphere of physical, as well as moral law, it is true, that since the soul that sineth, it shall die. The man who breaks his laws here, shall as inevitably meet the penalty of his disobedience, as there; and he who brings himself into harmony with the law anywhere shall reap the reward. There is nothing "inscrutable" about it. If you go on, year after year, sinning against your own natures, "whether you eat or drink, or whatever you do," in the house and by the way, in your downing and in your uprising—if you go to your father bed late at night in your close room; tumble out in the morning, hurry your clothes on your unwashed bodies; drink your tea and coffee, your wine and your beer; eat your greasy gravies, your fat and high seasoned food; neglect systematic, regular exercise; and when, in one way and another, abused nature begins to protest, you fly for salivation to the drug vender and throw more poison into a system already struggling with it—if these are your habits, no wonder that an "inscrutable dispensation" gets along in good season and another "mysterious providence" lays you in the coffin. So men may name the publishers violated law brings on the offender's head; but so men have no right to name them. Nothing in the arrangements of the wise and good government we live under, comes or goes by chance. The very hair on your head is registered; your poor sparrow does not fall to the ground idly.—The Creator's laws are all pervading and every where unbending and unescapable.

How much better for all of us it would be, if, instead of casting about for "inscrutable dispensations" and "mysterious visitations," we would set ourselves to the laws through which alone health is possible! The law that destroys you when working against you shall save you when you work with it.—There is no partiality and no hypocrisy here. The true soul will rejoice with a solemn gladness, when he sees men, as the reward of their folly, in this way and that, perish. For it assures him that the universe is not carried on by blind chance; that there is a living soul at the centre of it all. If A. B. breaks law and escapes, how can C. D. hope by obeying law to be the gainer? If men may trifle with it, we are all afraid and the universe is the Devil's. The time may come when we shall be called to account for the use we have made of our powers of body and mind. We may be asked what right we had to reduce our strength and ruin our powers, by following the misguidance of our own lusts, and refusing the waters of Jordan.—And we shall have to answer the question in one way or another. Cant and catchwords won't help us then. It was but the other day that an acquaintance told us that men and women did not die only because they broke laws; and that water-cure was a humbug—or, as he called it, "potash." Alas, Providence, not an "inscrutable" one, has since laid its heavy hand on his family and taken away two. He trusted in drugs and their priests; the law ceased not its operations; and his dear ones are in the grave! Nothing "mysterious" here; it would be mysterious if it were not so! Why should we lay on God the consequences of our own errors and crimes?

The Passion for Surgery.

Theodore S. Fay, in a letter to the Home Journal, relates the following anecdote of Dieffenbach, the celebrated German Surgeon whose recent death has been deeply regretted by scientific men:

"He was a small man, with a high, shrill voice, and nothing externally remarkable, except a pair of brilliant black eyes, and a good deal of dash and style in dress and equipage. His first was for those terrible operations for which he was so celebrated. Among others, this:—He one day saw a student in the street, with some unhappy excrescence growing out of his head or neck, and that glittering eye once fixed on the poor fellow, it was not possible to escape. Dieffenbach addressed him, and proposed to operate for nothing. The man refused. He offered a bribe. In vain. He described the probable course of deformity. It would lead to torment—to death, perhaps. The student impatiently replied, 'where he felt the approach of those grave inconveniences, he would address himself to the operator, and not before.' Dieffenbach left him at length, and the young fellow returned to his books, pipe, and lectures, laughing heartily at the perseverance of his formidable enemy, and congratulating himself upon a happy escape. But one morning about daybreak, a knock at his door announced, as the sleeper supposed, the Steifpulsler, the boot cleaner, who usually came at that hour. He rose, unlocked the door, and lo! Dieffenbach stood before him, with those supernatural eyes, and four stout medical students at his back.

"We have come to operate upon you!" "No! Don't Fetter!" cried the student. The surgeon made a sign. The subject was thrown upon the bed and held there by firm forces. He had scarcely time to express his sense of his treatment, by certain German exclamations, when his frightful infirmity was whisked off from him, and he lay a month or two in bed, recovering from the effects. He did recover completely, and the students, the subordinate demons of this diabolical drama, declare the ungrateful dog was no sooner on his legs again, a corrected and mended man, than he went and sued his benefactor, and recovered heavy damages.

Another person had a protuberance upon the end of his tongue. Up to a certain day the history was the same as the preceding. On that day, Dieffenbach, having received a final negative to all his prayers and remonstrances, requested at least one farewell look at the beautiful object of his desires. The unsuspecting patient put out his tongue, and, in the twinkling of an eye there was a needle through it, about a half a foot long, retaining it immovably in its place, and cutting short all expressions of disapprobation and ineffectual arguments. The happy artist now had every thing his own way. And what his own way was, I leave you to imagine.

TEARS.—Tears do not dwell long upon the cheeks of youth. Rain drops fall easily from the bud, rest on the blossoms of the mature flower, and break down that which hath lived its day.

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